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but in the sediments that are now accumulating in these lake-basins will lie many a wreck and skeleton, tree-trunk and floated leaf. Near the city sites and old river mouths these sediments will be full of relics that will illustrate and explain the mingled comedy and tragedy of human life. These relics the geologist of the future will probably gather and study and moralize over as we do the records of the Tertiary ages. Doubtless he will be taught the same lesson we are, that human life is infinitely short, and human achievement utterly insignificant. Let us hope that this future man, purer in morals and clearer in intellect than we, may find as much to admire in the records of this first epoch of the reign of man, as we do in those of the reign of mammals.

THE CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BY REV. A. P. PEABODY, D.D.

THE Chinese form from a seventh to a fifth part of the entire population of San Francisco, and are seen in considerable numbers in all parts of California. They mingle with no other race; they learn or profess to know enough and only enough of the English tongue to transact their necessary business with their employers; and in San Francisco they live almost wholly in their own crowded quarters, which constitute in all respects a city by itself.

In the street they are the cleanest and neatest of people. Every man and boy has his *queue* of hair, as long as himself, nicely wrapped in silk braid, and generally rolled round the head. Their principal garment is a dark blue, close-fitting frock. Their shoes are of silk or cloth, with felt soles.

Their houses are dirty beyond description. Scores and even hundreds of them are sometimes huddled together in the same building, with blankets for their only beds, and

almost their only furniture. In these houses their simple cooking is performed in the long halls into which their apartments open, over furnaces, with no legitimate outlet for the coal-smoke, which leaves its black and greasy deposit half an inch thick on the ceiling and walls. I went into several of their fashionable restaurants, and found them hardly less filthy than their lodgings, yet with a marvellous variety of complicated and indescribable delicacies, which a year's income of the establishment might have tempted me to touch, but certainly not to taste.

Their provision-shops contain little except pork, and that, seldom in a form in which it would be recognized by an unpractised eye. Every part of the swine, even the coagulated blood, is utilized; and the modes in which the various portions of the beast are chopped, minced, wrapped in intestines, dried almost to petrification, commingled with nauseous seasonings, pique the curiosity as much as they offend the nostrils of the American observer.

Their theatres offer an amazing spectacle. Their performances commence early in the forenoon, and last till midnight. Their plays are said to be historical, and they are often continued for several days. The scenery is simple, cheap, and gaudy, and is never changed. The costumes are splendid; with a vast amount of gilding and of costly materials, but inexpressibly grotesque, and many of the actors wear hideous masks. The orchestra consists of a *tom-tom* (which sounds as if a huge brass kettle were lustily beaten by iron drumsticks), and several of the shrillest of wind-instruments. The noise they make may be music to a Chinese ear, but it consists wholly of the harshest discords, and each performer seems to be playing on his own account, and to be intent on making all the noise he can. This noise is uninterrupted, and the actors who are all men (men playing the female parts in costume), shout their parts above the din in a falsetto recitative, monotonous till toward the close of a speech, but uniformly winding up with a long-drawn, many-

quavered whine or howl. The performance is for the most part literally acting. A crowned king or queen is commonly on the stage, and almost always comes to grief. Parties of armed men meet on the stage, hold sham-fights, kick each other over, and force the sovereign into the *melée*. Then a rebel subject plants both his feet in the monarch's stomach, knocks him down, and himself falls backward in the very act. Thus the fight goes on, and gathers fury as its ranks are thinned, till at length the whole stage is covered with prostrate forms, which lie for a little while in the semblance of death, then pick themselves up, and scud off behind the scenes. The actors live in the theatre, though they might seem to have no living-room. I went into the principal theatre one morning, before the actors, who had been performing until a late hour, had arisen; and I found them lying in one of the passage-ways in several tiers of holes, so nearly of the size of the human body that they could only have wormed themselves in feet first.

Gambling is one of their passions. There are numerous gambling-houses where the playing goes on through the whole day and night, with an orchestra like that of the theatre, enriched by a single female singer, whose song seems a loud, shrill, ear-piercing monotone, so horrible as almost to compel the belief that the Chinese ear must have as unique a structure as if it belonged to a different species from ours.

The Chinese exercise, with marvellous skill, all the mechanical arts and trades, and have as large a variety of shops as the Americans, with wonderfully rich assortments of goods, including works in wood-carving, ivory and filigree, which can nowhere be surpassed in delicacy and beauty.

Their temples or josh-houses, are small upper rooms, with hideously grinning idols, overlaid with tinsel, and covered with tawdry ornaments, on an elevated platform at the extremity of the apartment. Before these idols a dim lamp is always burning, and a table is spread for votive offerings, which are generally cups of tea or fruits. These apartments

are in the buildings maintained by the Chinese Emigrant Aid Societies as reception-houses and hospitals,—vile dens as we should deem them, but, it is said, fully level with a Chinaman's notions of repose and comfort:

These people are by no means unintelligent. It is said that there are none of them who cannot read, write, and cast accounts; and there are among them some men of high education, polished manners, large business, and friendly, yet never intimate relations with their brother-merchants.

There is a mission-house, with a school and a chapel; but the missionary, an intelligent man and an indefatigable worker (by the way, my guide and mentor among the theatres and gambling-houses, in which he seemed very much at home, on the principle of becoming all things to all men), told me that he had gained a firm hold on very few; that he found it almost impossible to keep a small congregation together through a very short service, though many came in to listen for a little while; and that the slightest disturbance in the street, even the passing of a hand-organ, would instantly empty his chapel.

These Chinamen are generally without their families; the numerous women that live in their quarters being with very few exceptions persons of bad character. The men come to this country with the purpose of remaining but a few years; and if they die, their bodies are embalmed, and sent home for burial, Chinese corpses sometimes forming a vessel's entire freight.

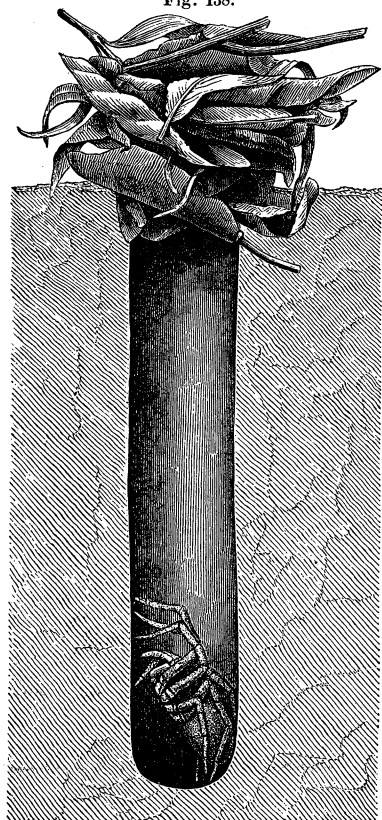
The Chinese question I cannot undertake to discuss here. Suffice it to say that, in my opinion, all that can be hoped from the Chinese is the supply of cheap labor which is needed for the rapid development of a new country. As to making these people citizens who will even prize their rights, still more exercise them judiciously, or changing their older and to them satisfying type of civilization into the Anglo-Saxon Christian type,—this is utterly beyond probability or hope. If the Chinese are to be Christianized, it

must be on their own soil, and with no invasion of their ancestral habits, except the engrafting upon them of the morality of the New Testament.

THE LYCOSA AT HOME.

BY J. H. EMERTON.

Fig. 138.



Nest of Lycosa.

LAST spring Mr. J. A. Lintner noticed on the sandy hills west of Albany, N. Y., a number of holes about half an inch in diameter, each surrounded by a ring of sticks and bits of leaves loosely fastened together by fine threads. A few days afterward (May 6), I carefully opened several of these holes and found in the bottom of each a large spider, a Lycosa. The holes were from six to eight inches deep and lined with a delicate web, which near the top was stout enough to be separated from the sand, forming a silken tube attached to the ring of chips around the mouth of the hole. When the holes were opened the spiders lay still in the bottom and allowed themselves to be taken

out without attempting to escape. The sand at the bottom